Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Maddam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King, Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldeſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid,
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly in orce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her Soueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch Soueraignty,

King.

Kin. Be eloquent in my behal
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds be
Kin. Then in plaine termes tell
Qu. Plaine, and not honeſt is
Kin. Maddam your reaſons
Qu. O no, my reaſons are to d
Too deepe and dead poore infa
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till hear
Kin. Now by my George, my G
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonou'd, a
Kin. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no
The George prophan'd, hath lo
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd h
The Crowne vſurpt diſgrac't hi
If nothing thou wilt ſweare to b
Sweare then by ſomething that
Kin. Now by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wro
Kin. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſ
Kin. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſu
Kin. Why then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake
The vnity the King thy brothe
Had not beene broken, nor my
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake
The impe iall mettall circling
Had grac't the tender temples
And both the Princes had bee
Which now two tender play
Thy broken faith had made a
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong
For I my ſelfe haue many tea
Hereafter time for time, by th
The children liue, whoſe pare

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